Mutrix

S154

Breast Bondage

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ILLUSTRATED



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BREAST BONDAGE

The attractive young woman kicked the deflated tire savagely as she inspected the recent puncture .... she looked up and shielded her eyes from the sun and then at the two kids in the rear of the car .....

"Sorry, kids" she smiled showing perfectly white teeth, "seems as though the air has gone out" The two children, a boy and a girl jumped from the back of the car and they too looked at the flat rubber spread over the road ...... then their eyes studied the shapely woman before them .... her physical beauty held nothing for them, of course, not for them the deep perfect cleavage of her softly swollen mounds.... the dip of the blouse where the cleavage could be seen thrusting forcefully forward .... this was their adoption mother... Jane ... twenty-three years old who had really had the shape of the Mansfield woman and who was often referred to as the Jane Mansfield of the estate.

Her ruby lips smiled again at the children who scratched their head in perplexity. The children, five years of age had been adopted by her when she was eighteen.... both were babies and the wealthy young girl, with the help of her wealthy father had taken over their welfare .... her blonde hair had never seen the bleach of shampoo and the golden locks cascaded back over her head .... she was wearing the low cut blouse with a pair of tight white shorts and these revealed the perfection of her shapely body.... each time she leaned over, her full rounded breasts jiggled furiously and her rump thrust out in perfect roundness ..... she heard the car coming down the road and purposely leaned over and looked at the deflated tire .... The large car pulled silently to a halt.... she heard the children playing in the wheat field next to the road.... at least, she thought the car driver would help her ..... "those children .... are they your's" "well .... yes ...... they are sort of" "They are trespassing" the car driver snapped. "I'm sorry .... I'll call them in".

Jane called out to the two romping kids who took not the slightest notice of her .... she laughed at the stern faced man. .... "Sorry ...... kids will be kids" she tried to shrug the sour note off ... "They should be brought up better" he snapped.

Jane decided not to like this character and the smile went from her face ..... "Coûld you help me fix this " she pointed down to inspect the flat tire again. Stan Davval looked at the deep cleavage caused by Jane's close hugging breasts... the sheer beauty of her symetric smooth globes made his mouth go dry ..... if they were for real, then this girl had the shapliest breasts he had ever seeon .... of or on the screen... and her body was a perfect shape too.... He climbed from the car and looked at the nuisance ..... "I have no tools" he snapped crossly. "I ..... I think I have some" she stood up and saw that he was staring freely into her low cleavaged exposure ... automatically she blushed prettily and pulled the top of the garment together and did up another button. He made a pretence at loosening the nuts but it was apparently useless.... they would not budge. "You had better get a mechanic to come out to fix it" he said after a futile attempt. "Is there a 'phone box" I don't know .... not near here there isn't .... I have one at the house". "Would you give me a lift" she asked. "Yes .... I expect so" he said with obvious reluctance .... " .... and your children are still playing havoc with my wheat" she snapped.

Jane hastily gathered the offending pair and directed them back to the car. "I am Doctor Davval" he said crisply. "I'm Jane Denton" she replied. "Ah yes .... I have heard of your father .... those children ... they are not your's" he said. She went red a little..... "Not exactly ...... but they might just as well be ..... I'm their mother by every Law" Except that you did not give birth to them" "Maybe.....but I love them I think more than any mother could love her own children."

Already, Davals mind was working like an overtime computer ...... he drove for miles down the country lane .... they were literally miles from anywhere... "What do you specialize in?" she asked as she cast her eyes about looking

for signs of civilization. "Psychology" he said simply and then he was turning off onto a half hidden unmade road .... she saw the Mansion type residence ...... it looked massive and gloomy..... He took her to a bathroom and then took the children to a massive nursery .... there were games galore there and she felt relived that they had found something to occupy them until the garage fixed the car.... in the drawing room she sat at an oak table as the Doctor called his manservant...."John..... there is a car some eight miles along the road.... go down on the honda and change the wheel.... then bring it here.... and drive it into no. 2 garage"

The old servant smiled as he saw the curvy beauty sitting at the table.... "Oh don't go through any trouble for me" she said softly, "I would rather a garage did it" "You are a self willed girl" the doctor chidded..... Despite the greying hair, Duvval was a handsome man in a dominant manner....Jane felt distinctively uncomfortable!!!!!!! "Do as I tell you John" the doctor dismissed his servant with a wave of his hand.... and then the man was gone..... "I'll arrange for the children to have some milk and biscuits ..... would you like a sherry? Jane did not want to prolong her visit here more than necessary, but she realized that the children were happily playing and accepted the Sherry ..... it was good sherry too..... she refused the second glass just as the car came into view.... "He's done it" she said standing up .... "I really am grateful to you" The doctor enjoyed the view of her breasts jiggling as she stood and then he smiled .... "Let's get the children" he smiled. She went to the stairs hurriedly and then looked into the room ..... they were gone!!!!! Steel fingers seemed to grip her heart.... "Where .... where are they" she gasped fearfully. "Perhaps they have gone home" he smiled. "That's ridiculous" she snapped. "Is it .... then I suggest you find them"

Jane felt ice cold fear......these kids were everything to her .... she spun round on him.... "I'm afraid this is a matter for the police" she said angrily. "Then why not go and get them" I'll look after the children whilst you are away" Jane stopped cold in her tracks... was he a madman... what might he do whilst

she was getting the Law .... "This game has gone far enough" she said with bated breath .... "I like a joke.... and I know they were naughty to damage the fields .... but I'll recompense any financial damage"

The doctor did not answer .... he steadily looked at the shapely woman... "No Miss Denton... money is no object to me. and I know it isn't to you either .... but I find that I am intensely interested in you ..... physically.... very interested indeed.... " His voice sent ice cold shivers up and down her back .... her soft blue eyes studied him with dispassionate fear ... "Now look Doctor Duvval.... I have to get home for dinner.... I'm flattered in your interest which I presume you intend as a compliment.... but I have to get the children home for dinner and bed ... and I have a long way to travel" "Yes .... you do have a long way to go.... I suggest that you spend the night .... and tomorrow with me.....I feel we might get to know each other a lot better". Jane's eyes revealled the natural insane fear ripping through her body... "Please Dr. Duvval" she said crisply. "You remain here voluntarily or else I promise you that the children will suffer" he said threateningly. Her mouth opened in a gasp of surprised terror. "The ..... the children" her voice was weak and gasping.

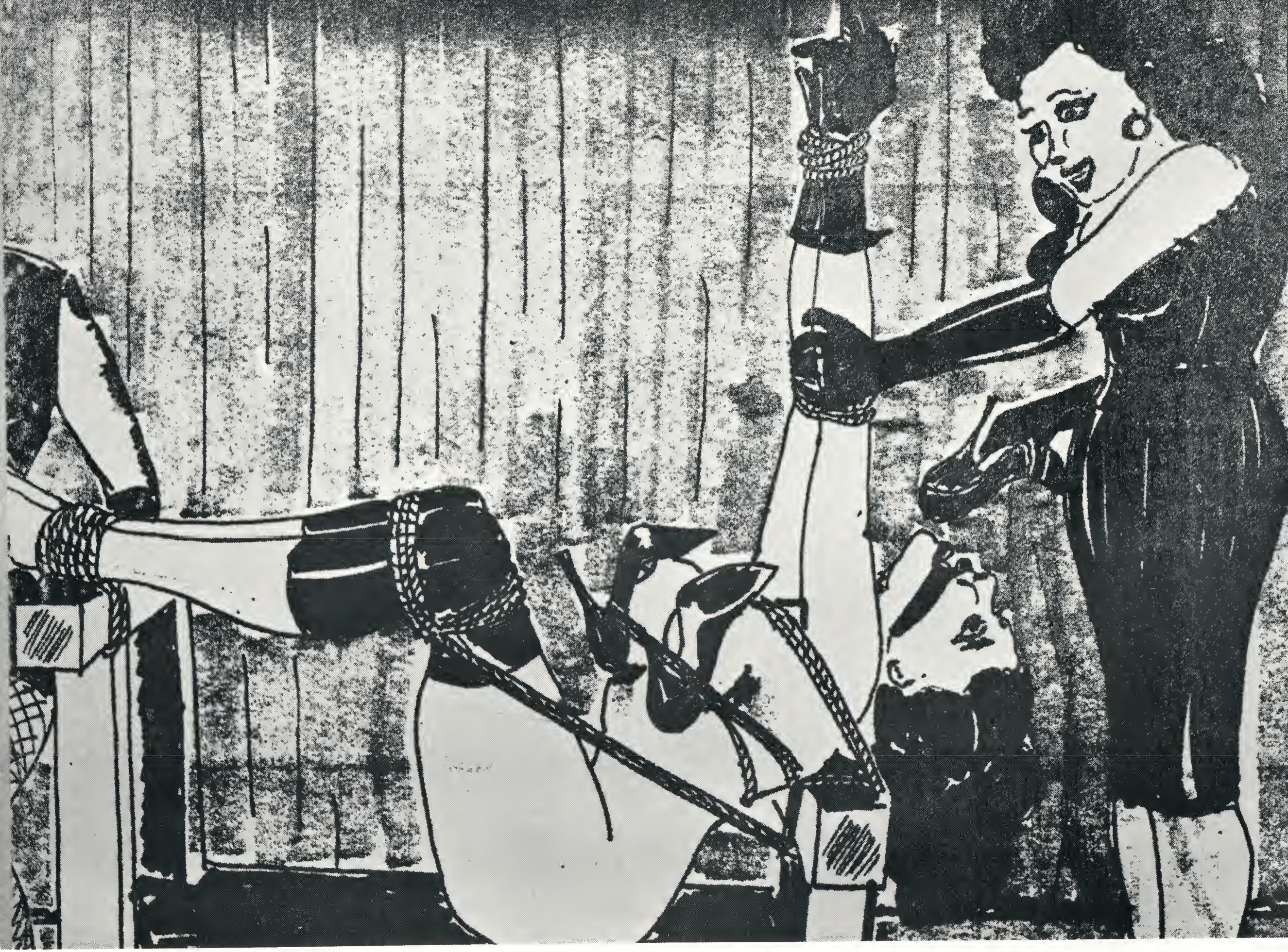
As her head started to spin in a mis-believing shudder of terrible anguish, Jane slumped down on the nearest chair, her eyes stared stupidly at the figure of Dr. Duvval. "but ..... why? .... how can you.....?" her faltering voice refused to accept the truth... "It's impossible ... can't you see... the police... everything..... my father will go mad if I'm not back tonight...it's impossible" she said weakly. "No it isn't .... it is quite easy... for one thing your father Jonathon Denton is in England is he not.... possibly incognito and without servants" he was smiling at her poor attempt. "Now .... how do you know so much about me" she asked weakly. "Jonathon Denton's departure for the UK was announced in the papers ... and I am sure that I read some where that you were taking the children for a rest 'away from it all" he smiled.

Jane slumped hopelessly back against the hard chair

seat.... her head refused to stop spinning........ "Now I wonder how the children would like me to take over their education....in a punitive manner" he smiled meaningfully. "Ooooooh.... no" she groaned. Jane placed her elbows on the table top and rested her spinning head in her palsm.... "You think they might not like having their bottoms spanked thoroughly... I have some very good methods to bring misbehaving children .... and er... women into line" he smiled wickedly. "Please .... not the children" she pleaded. "I'm in the mood to play Miss Denton.... I intend and feel like playing a little rough shall we say .... the children would make a perfect reception area for my peculiar frame of mind".

Jane's mouth went berserk with words.... she tried to say so much but ended up by saying nothing. "Let's see shall we,"he smiled. "No", her voice spat the word out in a pleading shreik of terror, "No .... please .... not them" "Are you offering yourself" he smiled broadly. "Yes .... yes, if you like" she moaned and looked down at the table top. He came down and sat on the table top with his feet touching the floor ..... he reached down and squeezed the full round globe of her left breast .... Jane jumped back automatically her eyes snapping up as her face flushed angrily... "You soon changed your mind" his lips twitched with an angry movement. "I ..... I didn't" she was so confused.... "Put your hands behind the chair back" Weakly non-resistant, Jane slowly obeyed him.... what else could she do ..... he was holding the threat of the children over her head ...... she "aaaghed" loudly when she felt the ropes tying her wrists tightly into place, making her shoulders pull back hard against the chair back, thereby causing her really magnificent breasts to thrust forward in sheer eyepopping wonder..... "Now, Miss Denton" he said softly with a smile that promised her sheer discomfort," let us see what you have here"

Jane looked down helplessly as he undid each button of her blouse.... and when he at last reached the last one, she trembled to feel him tear the garment from her body.... her glorious breasts pushed hard against the half cup bra .... still the perfect cleavate jiggled.... "Marvellous .... marvellous" he said softly as his finger tips stroked over the upper slopes of her charms



as they thrust upwards .... then he slowly slipped his hand inside one of the brassiere cups to feel the warm fleshy roundness of her breast.....

As his finger tips stroked over the sherry nipples, Jane tried to struggle against his maurauding hand... then she felt him push his fingers inside the bridge of elastic between the cups.... he pulled hard and her tits jiggled free of the garment... the straps snapped and she sat there stripped to the waist... her perfect breasts naked and really highly thrusting forward... they were perfect in symetric roundness.... they had not one inch of sag but jutted out proud and free with the deep soft cleavage exposed in warm nakedness... she gasped out when his hands closed over her proud beauties... he clasped them in increasing harsh grasping hands and then he was stroking his fingers down to the throbbing nipples..... Jane felt her tits getting harder like balloons...these were her sexiest attributes and through these she was easily made sexy'. ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! Her shocked mind was just returning from the stark unreallity of what was happening to her, she had difficulty in acclimarising herself to this new terror that had suddenly interrupted her normally happy life ! ! ! !

Her shapely nipples and breasts were getting firmer and firmer..... a state of sheer torment was ripping through her body as the proudly large but attractive close set breasts were manipulated by his hands.... he was pleased that there was no sag at all .... the soft underslope came up to make the breasts tilt up at the nipples just sufficiently to make them most attractive in appearance... and when his fingers played hard with the cherry nipples, Jane tried to thrust them about to get away from his cruel fingers.... the soft, smooth skin was changing colour now... "Please .... please .... no more.... please let us go" she choked out helplessly as she again thought of the children.... "it will be some time, I am afraid, before I let you go... there is a lot that you and I are going to do together.... and there is a number of ways that these beauties are going to please me" he told her in a soft mean voice.

Jane went into a dizzy state as she visualized herself at

the complete mercy of this fiend.... and if he continued to hold the threat of the adopted children over her head, there was nothing at all that she could do about it.... she almost fainted with sheer horror at what she had let herself in for, her clear blue eyes looked up pleading and she opened her mouth to plead some more .... He suddenly saw the tiniest of holes through her nipples.... "What have we here" he smiled as the thumbed the nipples so that they sprang about.... "Please Doctor Davval.... please" she choked out her shame... "They have been pierced have they"? She hung her head and studied the shapely globes as he pinched them between his finger and thumbs... "When did you have your breasts pierced" he asked in a voice that demanded an answer. "When I was sixteen" she blushed crimon. "And for what reason?" "Several of my school friends did it for devilment... I joined them" she choked.

He smiled down at her crestfallen face.... "What size tits are You" "Please.... don't humiliate me any further" she sobbed.... "What ..... size ......tits.......are ....you?" he demanded....his hands smacked her jiggling beauties and she jerked her head up as she felt the hot sting go through them..... "Forty .....size C" she gasped. "That's better..... I have studied breasts my dear.... but none can compare with these pretty upstanding globes" his hands squeezed them again in affectionate squeezes.........

As his hands plagued her treasures, Jane wanted to scream in fear filled terror at her own helplessness....she had pulled constantly on the ropes but he had tied them too well... "So .... you want your arms free" he smiled....to her surprise he walked behind her and undid the securing ropes...... Every movement she made caused her breasts to jiggle attractively.... she rubbed her wrists and then put her hands over her excited tits ..... as though to cover them from him, ... he could see the soft firm flesh between her fingers as her hands clasped her sensativebreasts closely.... "Take your hands awa y" he snarled. Her eyes pleaded further with him.... "Or do I teach the charming children with whip and rod how to behave".

Jane's head spun crazily at the renewal of his threat.... the children.... her own children ! ! What could she do to prevent him even thinking of them ?? ... and the real awareness of her predicament seemed to overwhelm her all at once...she buried her pretty face in her hands and he saw her sobbing uncontrollaby in herhelplessness. ..."I shall give you a sedative, and when you wake up, you will feel better" As he spoke, Jane felt the prick of a needle through her skin....her body seemed to relax as deep sleep claimed her.....she had no time to even protest as she blacked out into a very deep state of unconsciousness........

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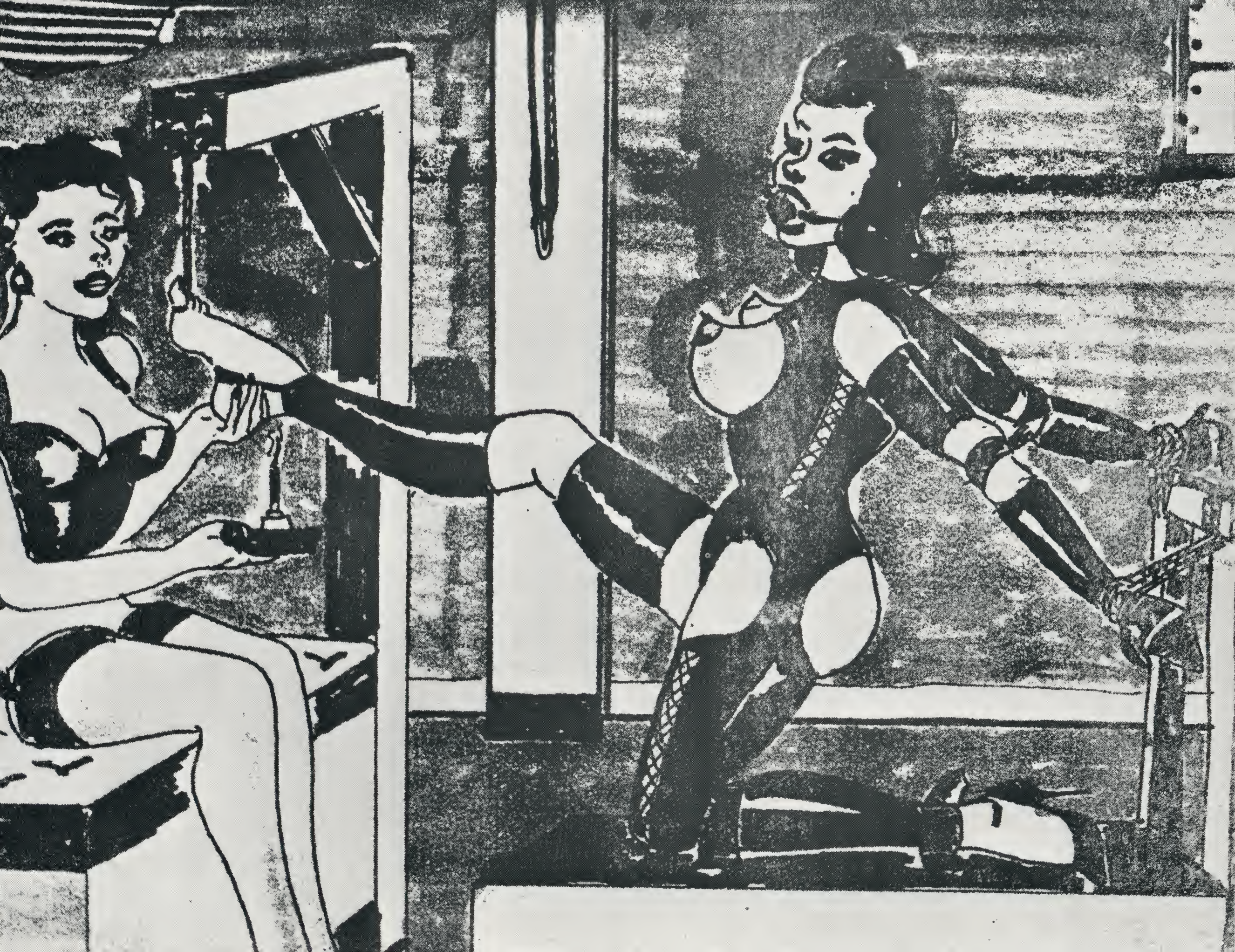
Jane slowly blinked her eyes and saw the sun streaming into a large room in which she was laying in a bed....she put her hand over her eyes and then closed them again....she heard the happy laughter of the two kids outside and her mind snapped into awareness.....for some seconds she could only lay there and let her mind and body coordinate into a steady thinking and acting cooperation ! !

The previous night's occurrences flooded into her mind and unconsciously she put her hands up to her breasts....although she was laying on her back, her breasts still thrust up proudly, the did not flatten and this was one of the truly attractive qualities about them....she had to climb from the bed and walked quickly to the window. She slooked down into a garden and saw the kids playing on a variety of garden toys....they seemed quite content...she saw that they had a change of clothes and it was obvious that the Doctor had seen the cases in the luggage boot of her car with the cases of clothes in them.... at least, they seemed happy and contented....she breathed a sigh of relief....then the door opened.... "Awake?.... Good" he smiled and walked up to her.... Modesty made her cover her naked breasts again... "Are you satisfied that the children are happy?" he asked suggestively. "Yes.... yes, I .... I suppose so" her mouth was dry like a cinder track.... "Put a dressing gown on and come on to breakfast.......

She was surprised at her appetite, then he told her to have abath and then to come into his study... all this she did in a state of stupor, but her senses were gradually returning until at last she was going into his study as fresh as ever......"Sit down" he told her.

After she had done so, he outlined hs ideas for her retention here....it was simple....he wanted her to respond to his strict instructions....no matter what....and if she refused then he would virtually hurt the children in front of her....and he made no secret of what he would require from her.... she would be his 'toy'..... his 'plaything' ..... she would be expected to obey him in all things.... "Do you understand?" he asked. "But .... please.... why?" she checked the tears threatening to break through her eyes.... because I think you are a very attractive woman... you have the right amount of pride that I like to see in women.... and I have a yen to manacle you in various postures and attitudes so that I shall have freedome of your body.... especially your breasts .... I shall whip you of that you may rest assured.... both your breasts and buttocks will wriggle to the whip....and have no fear I am a past master with a whip.... I shall most certainly use the pierced holes in your nipples.... I intend to enforce a state of bondage on those mounds and I intend that you shall serve me like a servile slave".

Jane's head was spinning like a top... she just could not believe her ears... "But ... why do you want me to do these things ... why do you want to do these things to me?" she whispered in deep fear.... "Because I want to see you as a proud woman acknowledge me as your master .... I want to hear you begging on your knees and offering your breasts to me for my pleasure..... and I shall also see you thrusting those beauties out to me pleading for them to be whipped .... and tortured" Jane's mouth had come open in a state of sheer stupor.....she knew without a doubt that he was mad. Mad or not, she had to protect the children.... and because of this, she knew that she was putty in his hands.... "Stand up" he snapped at her. Like a robot, Jane stood upon her jelly filled knees............



"If ....if I promise to do the things....and if I ..... I obey you.... will you promise that the children will not be harmed" she choked out. "If you try hard to p ease me in everything....and I mean everything, then the children and you will leave this house....soon.. and be allowed to go on your way....that I promise most faithfully" he said solemnly.

Jane felt only the slightest relief go through her...she did not know why, but she believed him ! ! "Now ...take your dressing gown off" She slowly slipped the gown from her shoulders....and stood naked to the waist... "Shoulders back......right back" Blushing beetroot, Jane did as he told her ....and the effect on her proud tits again showed them at their very best.... "Lean forward" She was only standing inches from him....she leaned forward keeping her shoulders in the full pulled back position and her shapely tits thrust down inches from his face.... He studied the perfect pearly smooth skin down to the aureole....from the centre of the island of pinky brown, he could see the fully hard knobs of exciting pink nipples... "Fee that one into my mouth" He did not attempt to reach up to her, he made her lean all the way down and manoevre herself so that her already throbbing breasts settled into his warm open mouth....as he felt the solid nipple feed into him, he sucked...and then she felt his teeth biting into the cherry of her hard knob of fles fire lacerated into each tit as he bit the nipple of each one, and when he released her at last, she stood upright and her tits throbbed furiously from the biting she had receive.... "Follow me" he smiled secretly........ No knowing what to expect at the end of their walk, Jane trembled as she followed him along the corridor, her breasts swinging cheekily from side to side as she paced the steps behind Doctor Davval........

Her eyes looked around her in astonishment when she found herself in what she though was an Operating Theatre ! ! ! It was an immense room filled with the gadgetry of a surgeon... the mystery worried her more than little... "What....what are you going to do to me" she let the words choke from her mouth. "Whip you" he said simply.

Shocks of anticipation seared through her shapely torso as she stood dumbfounded at the off hand manner in which he had replied..... "W..... whip me" she whispered. "Yes ... across these" he placed his hands over her bare unprotected breasts....she nearly pulled back but remembered at the very last moment .... instead she stood there as he fondled her lush mounds....she saw him produce a thin rubber sleeve..... "Hands out" She pressed her arms together and held them before her...he rolled her sleeve so that it ensnared both arms tightly together....then he slipped a clip over a ring in the end of the sleeve and hoisted her arms over her head....when she was stretched tautly, her tits thrust out most attractively....she pulled down automatically on her secured arms but the ropes held her fast.... "Ankles apart" he snapped. When he had finished typing her ankles some feet apart, she stood helpless..... "Now to inspect you thoroughly" he smiled... Jane whined softly when she felt him undoing the waist band of her shorts... he tugged the garment from her body with one loud tearing sound .... "please" was all she could whisper when he pulled the elastic band of her brief panties away from her tummy.... she felt the air rushing in and cooling her bushy pubic.... "Now Jane.... loud and clear" he snapped, "ask me to remove the last vestige of covering so that you will be naked."

Jane could only stare stupidly at him..... "Alright.... I'll prove I amMaster with this " he picked up a long smooth leather whip....her eyes widened in horror.... and then he was standing to one side...she heard the whistle and then a firey lash crisply landed on her breasts....the shapely breasts jiggled furiously and Jane screamed as unbelievable torture was released on her mounds....and then the second stroke lashed across her.... she jerked at the manacle holding her wrists.....she tried to lift her feet.... she even tried to turn away, but her thrusting breasts received six cuts from the master of the whips and when he had finished she was sobbing furiously....he waited until she quieted down.... "Well?.... I am waiting.....it will be the children's turn next" he threatened. "Please............pleeeeease..... don't whip them again.......I beg you......I'll be good.........I promise... please........please take my panties down so that I am naked" she

pleaded as he instructed........... Jane gasped in a terrible humiliation when she felt his strong fingers grip the waist band of her panties and pulled them clear of her body.....she looked demourely at the floor....her ripe breasts were a stinging pair of mounded orbs, her nipples felt as though scorching fires were burning in them and now she was spreadeagled, tied and naked before the strange Doctor Davval......her widely parted legs did nothing to ease her in her terrible embarrassment.....her body seemed to blush in furious acknowledgement to her naked exposure.

A shiver rippled through her when she felt his hands on the front's of her very shapely thighs and unhurriedly, he drew both hands up to the full bush of pubic golden hair.....with both hands he stroked through the high mounded hair so that ticking ripples started to torment her sex.... rippling tingles ran along the soft narrow pussy groove and she wanted to shudder freely... then her blushing face came up in a response to a sexuality that she did not know she had when he deliberately ran his two middle fingers through her cunt lips making them ease aside and nakedly expose her pink slot....then she hissed her breath into her mouth through her gritted teeth as he thrust again....both fingers slipped easily into her wet cunt slot so that he was able to stroke the rubbery inside of her vaginal channel....as far as the binding ropes would let her, she wriggled her sensuously shaped backside about in rhythm to the heat waves pouring through her body .....it felt as though her body was receiving sweet trembling waves of erotic through her cunt that spread up and over the smooth plains of her tummy to carress over the stinging hurt of her striped breasts.

"You have superb breasts .... I have seen nothing like them....so to help you to appreciate them, I am going to do things that you would never think possible....they must be made to be positioned to please me.....always.....you will always have them bared whenever you are in my presence....you will wear nothing over this... " he jammed harder into her cunt and Jane moaned as more and more sensual thrills went through her body....."And your buttocks too....they will always be ready for

spanking.... and to prove yourself the Bondage Maid, you will crawl to me with your face close to the floor.....your breasts must thrust downwards and your bottom will thrust up.....do you understand what I am telling you?"
"Yes .... yessssssss" she choked out in an agony of erotic sweetness.....

Jane had known nothing like it before in all her life....she felt absolutely weak as he continued to treat her cunt with real familarity .... "Good....and these tis will be Bondaged....fully and painfully....through pain you will ever be aware of your own sexuality through your tits, do you understand that?" "Yes .... yes .... yes" she moaned as her head spun crazily..........

He cut her down and she dropped to the floor, her body curled up in response to the heat seering through her cunt and breasts .....she did not know what to think....this was a crazy thing that she was responding to....her cunt was a thrilling piece of anatomony....her breasts, although striped through the whipping were not humming in a sensative thrill of pleasure !!!!!

The cruel Doctor stood at one end of the room and called to the slumped figure......... "Up .....up on all fours" Slowly, bewildered and confused, Jane rose to her knees......she placed her palms before her and stood like that posed on all fours....her tits hung down, they were close forming a perfect cleavage....no model could have given a better example of thrilling excitement as she did at that moment....."Face down to the carpet" he snapped. She went down and her nose was only inches from the floor......"Crawl my little blonde slave" Moaning as she felt her nipples dragging along the carpet surface, Jane slowly moved first one knee and hand and then the other in a forward motion.....her breasts responded in a perfect form of jiggling motion......and then she was up to him..... "Rub each tit over my shoes"

Sobbing inwardly, Jane took her right breast in her hand and directed the nipple and fleshy globe over the patent leather of each of his shoes.....her head was spinning in crazy reaction,

but not once did she please NOT to do it.....and her nipples sprange out hard and sexy when they rubbed over his tight laces .... "Kneel upright" She slowly straightened her back.... "Hold them up to me.... lift them" he snapped at her as she slowly held her breasts in her hands and lifted the tips as though weighing them.... "Tell me they are my titties, Jane....to do with whatever I like..... speak bitch" The fever and power of his dominance swept through her.....she accepted suddenly her own defeat and weakness before him....she just had no choice whatsoever than obey his supreme mastery over her curvy body....he could confine her breasts....he could torture them ....and she would be able to do nothing to protect herself, but to lend her body to his fantasies and whims.......
"I ..... I offer my titties to you to do whatever you like with them" she said softly as shame filled her whole body...... squeeze them......whip them....torture them....they are your's to do with whatever you feel inclined to do" she managed to choke out uneasily.................

He leaned down and stroked his fingers over the ripened nipples and fresh heat seemed to invade them......... "Good" he seemed pleased.........
As she remained kneeling, he pulled a long bench up behind her...he ordered her to lean backwards over it........filled with renewed fear, Jane leaned back stretching her hands up and along the table top......he pulled her right down so that her face was looking up at the ceiling and the upper part of her torso was supine......then he clipped her wrists down tightly so that by manipulating the small handles at the end of the bench she was stretched tightly along its length....she felt the edge of the bench cutting into her back........then he pressed a collar over her neck to ensure that she kept down.....after parting her kneeling legs very wide, he secured her just above the knee cap to the bench legs.....she was trussed and absolutely helpless and defenceless.....she felt the tightness of her tummy and tried to move....it was impossible........He was looking down at the sparse growth of hair under each of her

arms and ran a finger along her soft arm pits....she tried to pull them down but the ropes held well and she blushed to think that he was able to tickle her like this and she was helpless to stop him....her arm muscles between her elbows and shoulders actually pulled tightly round her pretty fear filled face.... "Now we shall see what Gail can do"
Gail??????.....she was shocked.....who the bloody hell was Gail ????????????????

* *

Doctor Davval left the room and she was left in suspense she tried to writhe but it really was useless....her arms and legs were feeling the cramp ......she even whimpered but there was no relief at all.....she had never felt so exposed....the table was about centre in the room and her body, strapped over it, was illuminated by the strongest lamps in the room....and then Gail walked in... "Hello, honey....so you's the girl who is to please the Doctor are you" a silky throaty voice asked....Jane nearly died on the spot.. a soft silky skinned dark Carribbean girl stood over her. The girls dress was a white tight rubber two piece costume, and round her shoulders she wore a rubber cape....and in her hand she held a thin cane that trembled each time she moved it and also a shining casket ....
"My ... oh my.....what superb titties our little white girl has" Jane shuddered despite herself when she felt her breasts being mauled and squeezed ..in the dark skinned girl's fingers.
As a woman , Gail knew exactly how to make Jane's tits respond... she cajoulled and played with the firm flesh....they became harder and harder the soft resilence truning into real hard firmness. the nipples were solid like flints. "You do have holes in them" Gail laughed. Jane blushed as the other girl looked at the superb diamond hard nipples and then to Janes amazement, Gail covered them with her mouth and sucked the nipple into her warm mouth.. as Jane moaned in sensuous response, her shame grew more and more ....it was bad enough to let a man do this.....but another woman............! ! ! ! ! !



Jane tried to move away from the sucking mouth, but it was impossible....then she felt Gail's teeth see-sawing backwards and forwards over the thrilling hardness of her nipples... "Mmmmmmm ......haven't ever let the children do this to you?"
Jane nearly cried at the rotten sewerage of the woman's mind.
"Answer me, bitch"
Gail's cruel side came to the fore and she slapped Jane's face hard .....both cheeks stung furiously "No....no" she choked out.
"You must always answer.....always.....understand"
she smiled down at the helpless woman. "Ye ....yes " she almost winced in her shamed and deep fear........
"Tell me you like me chewing your pretty titties" Gail's eyes did not smile as her mouth was doing ! ! !!!
"I ..... I like you chewing my pretty tits" Jane nearly collapsed.
"Now tell me to make you scream in pain"
Jane's eyes misted up and she begged the woman with her eyes..
"If you don't do exactly as I ask you......then I shall bring those brats down here and let them watch me do things to you....and if they see your naked both writhing in the throes of pain, it won't do them any good.....nor your image either" she threatened cruelly.

Jane nearly threw up on the spot....her head seemed to go into an uncontrollable spin of real horror....she seemed to realize the woman was worse....much, much worse than the man.........
"Pleeeeeeease" she implored her.
"Do ....as ....I...........say"
The thin whip trembled down now into the jiggling beauties and Jane yelped at each stroke...... "PLEASE.....alright......"I'll do what you tell me to" she promised.
"Pleased to hear it" the girl responded sadonically. She was waiting and Jane blinked back more tears and cleared her throat..... "Do things with my titties, and make me scream in pain" she choked out miserably.

She watched as Gail produced two paper clips.....they were flat ended bulldog variety...Gail softly stroked over the

thrusting breast and then Jane yelled in a piercing scream..... the blades of the bulldog clip surrounded her breasts at the nipples.....and her nipples were flattened in a painful grip..... Gail moved away and left the clips over the hard nipples..... As the pain became numble bearable, Jane quietened down..... her breasts were hurting like mad and then Gail started to pull the clips so that the painfilled nipples sent shock waves of terrible pain through her breasts....she tugged on the ropes round her wrists constantly.....but they held her steadfast.....then, at last, the clips were removed and the swollen titty nippled filled with blood to begin a fresh pain wave to go through her body.

Her breathing was a choking action as she saw Gail produce strong nylon threat..... "Where are the holes" she smiled maliciously. Red from blushing, Jane felt the thin but strong cord being passed through the holes in her nipples....then Gail jerked the thread hard.....Jane's breasts responded to an excruciating feeling of intense heat......
"Should I pull your nipples right off?" she smiled sadistically.

"OOOOOOOW.......NO......NO......NO......NO... PLEEEEASE.......AAAAAAAGHER.....MY BREASTS....MY NIPPLES......NO.....PLEEEEEEEEASE....... PLEASE..... DO ANYTHING ELSE.....PLEASE.....PLEASE.....I BEG YOU.......OOOH PLEASE " she screamed.

Gail looked down at the writhing girl as she opened her mouth with each fresh scream and smiled happily.....
she brought down to small hooks from over hanging ropes...the threads she threaded through the hooks and then pulled the ropes up again.....Jane felt her breasts stretching fully upwards towards the ceiling......and with her nipples screaming in agony, she was left there.....Gail lit a cigarette.....and after she had half smoked it, she placed it between the cleavage......Jane screamed ! ! ! !
She screamed and writhed ! ! ! ! ! !
The slightest movement caused her breasts to erupt in a fresh outburst of horrible pain as the nipples tugged on the ropes.....
"Now pretty white girl" Gail's mouth was close to her's "say I amyour slave, most wonderful dark Madam....say it, or I'll put another cigarette there" she smiled.

"PLEEEEEEASE....... I AM....... I AM YOUR SLAVE...... MOST ..... MOST WONDERFUL DARK MADAM" she shrieked. "And tell me how badly my slave want's to be relieved" "PLEASE........OOOOOOW.......PLEASE.....SHREEEEEIK ......PLEASE ......MADAM.......MOST MARVELLOUS AND LOV ELY LADY.....PLEASE......OOOOW.....TAKE IT OFF... PLEASE......I'LL WORSHIP YOU.....DO ANYTHING........ ANYTHING" she sobbed out hysterically.

Slowly Gail took the offending heated end away from the cleavage and thre it aside......Jane sobbed silently as the woman released the thread from her nipples then lay there as her lovely sore breasts were treated by Gail's hand to a relieving balm....

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That afternoon, she was allowed to freshen herself right up.......it was difficult to put a brassiere on, but she managed..... then a dress and so she was a llowed to play for a while with the kids.....they did not seem unduly worried that she was away for long spells.....and after having together, they said 'this is a swell place' and let her tuck them in.....it was the hardest thing in the world for her to leave them.....but she was grateful that she was allowed to play with them for some of the time.

CHAPTER TWO .... PAINFUL BRASSIERES! !

Fully dressed, Jane was standing in the strange room again.....she was secured tightly, and Gail had arranged her this time. She stood with her back to the wall.....jutting out and into her back was a board arrangement.......as it pressed into her back at the base of her shoulder blades, it caused her magnificent breasts to push forward at the most provocative of poses. Her arms were pushed down her back so that her elbows were pointing to the ceiling, her wrists secured tightly down low.....her shoulders ached as she was forced to stand like this because her ankles to were strapped apart with her knees again widely tied to

prepared points on the wall behind her....her whole frontage pushed out in an almost obscene post of wantoness.....Gail had left her like that and now the cramp was pulling against her muscles.

She was startled to see a youth, a good looking boy of about seventeen, certainly no he walking slowly into the room and up to the point where she trembled and waited....
"So ....you are Jane" he said as his lecherous eyes went over her helplessness........
She gasped when he reached out and ran his hands over her thrusting breasts.... she could feel his palms through the blouse and half cup bra...he squeezed the shapely roundness of her taut tits and watched the struggle going on inside her.....she jerked on her bound wrists and also her ankles and knees.....
"My friends call me Wolfe" he smiled at her showing perfectly white teeth and a firm sadistic mouth.....he reached out both hands and ran them freely up and down her upper clad torso.....
Jane felt the terrible helplessness engulf her....she could not move again, but this completely different person, to her a stranger, having the absolute freedom of her body, only renewed her terrible shame and humiliation.

"I am a designer.....especially of brassieres" he told her secretly.
She could not respond verbally.....his hands had come up again and were easily squeezing her tautly posed breasts......
"I think titties are given too much freedom....my brassieres are designed to.....well to confine them a little....and also to make the woman constantly 'aware' of her tits....you are going to have a pleasure of wearing some of them tonight"....he was smiling without mirth as though he knew something that she didn't....his brassiere designing was done to cause the woman pain....bondage .....and cruelty.........
"I think I would prefer you stripped...right down....blouse.... brassiere....skirt....panties....the lot.....let's see how you shape up with no clothes on at all" he smiled.

His manner was the most dominant thing she had ever known.... he seemed to be cool....very cool, and this type of egotistic person could worry her....he could easily have her

squirming and screaming and remain completely aloof from her loss of dignity...she gasped loudly when his slender fingers tore her white blouse to shreds.........

"Did you notice how your tits wobbled despite your brassiere?" he asked coldly.....

Jane stared dumbly at him....

"Did you" he smacked her proud breasts with both hands...." you must answer me Jane...else I shall have to teach you a lesson like a naughty girl" he said in a scathing voice.

"Yes....yes, I .... I felt them" she choked out with deep blushes creeping over her pretty face. "Have no fear for your tits....I have made a medical study of breasts since I was fourteen...and I know the exact amount of pain they can stand....I know how much stretching they will take....believe me, I know more about your tits than you do yourself.....and my father, the Doctor, knows exactly how much pain you can stand...it is surprising just what you will find yourself able to take....and I am going to prove it to you...." he smiled at her shocked face.....

She felt her brassiere being pulled roughly from her body, and her shapely mounds were pushing out towards him in a gesture of offerance. "Oh yes.....they really are attractive" he said in a appreciative whistle....

When his hands closed over them, Jane almost whined as his clever fingers made the shapely breasts into firm heated rounds of fleshy mounds..."Jane....you will not tell me that you WANT me to look at your cunt" he told her...."I want you to say, "Please Master Wolf look at my cunt after stripping me naked".

Jane's eyes stared in horrid fascination as her body seemed to writhe and tremble with erotic thrills ! ! ! ! !

This was so foreign to her that his almost placid and cool nature almost made her cry with erotic sensuality ! ! ! ! ! ! !

"Please Master Wolfe I want you to look at ....at my cunt after stripping me naked" she said softly and almost meaning it ! ! ! !

Wolfe smiled at the mewing whining in her voice....he gripped the waist band of her red micro skirt....she was amazed at the sheer strength of his slender fingers....then he ripped the



skirt from her body....again, her breasts jiggled in furious rippling motions.....she even blushed in her shameful exhibition ...but Wolf was going to play with this one...he knew how to play with these dollies until they were almost grateful to have his hands teasing them into painful screaming bondage slaves......

He left her in just her brief red panties....Jane squirmed in her deep shame and humiliation, then he was stroking her hands all over her tied body....her breasts seemed to swell up like balloons and when he stroked up her widely placed legs, his face was only inches from her's as he studied her change from a squirming piece of furious embarrassment to a writhing gasping woman of heat.....then he stepped back and watched her in her misery......

On a table behind him he had several garments and various pieces of equipment.....he selected a glove and pulled it on his hand....then as she came from her erotic state of semi-sweetness she watched him pick up a bunch of what she thought were twigs....he passed them slowly over the receptive breasts and she felt the fire coming from the stinging nettles onto her lush skin....the pin point heat sizzled over her skin as the nettles pricked her sensative body....she felt as though her tits were on fire after he put the nettles down....she was trying to writhe in her tormenting agony....then he picked up a cupped arrangement ....he slipped the cups over her breasts and she felt the coldness of the rubber brassiere squeezing her tits in crinkled clasping tightness..........
Wolf secure the straps of the brassiere and she felt the tightness of the rubber clasping her tits.....then he plugged in a chrome kettle....she watched as steam started to erupt from this spout... a slim stream of controllable steam....this he played backwards and forwards over her rubber brassiere until she began to feel the heat playing over her breasts....the heat intensified until her titls felt like boiling mounds of flesh......

Because she had suffered the stinging nettles on her breasts, Jane responded even more so to the steaming heat of the kettle on her tits as they scorched inside the tight cup.....

then he took the spout away....she was struggling hard against the ropes now trying to get herself free so that she could escape the horrible torture going through her shapely tits.......

Then he picked up two bowls....she watched helplessly as he placed the two bowls over her rubber brassiere....inside was ice and this caused her even more terror and torture ..... the immediate effect was horrible to her....she gasped in her breath as sheer agony gripped her......
"Please......... PLEEEEEEEEEEASE............MASTER...... WOOOOOOOOOOOOLF .... PLEEEEEEEEEEAS.....OH.. PLEASE........NO MORE......IT HURTS.....PLEASE.... HELP......MERCY.....MERCY.....DO WHAT YOU LIKE WITH ME....BUT .....NO MORE.....I'LL CRAW ..I'LL BEG.....WHIP MY BACK ANY ANYWHERE ELSE......BUT MY TITS.......OH MY TITS.......THEY HURT TOO MUCH" she shrieked. "You'd be surprised at how much more they can take" he said unsympathetically......but he took the bowl away and slipped the brassiere from her throbbing breasts....they seemed to thrust out even more than ever....they throbbed wickedly and she whimpered in her agony ....she looked down at her treasures as he smoothed creamy lotion into them.......the effect was so soothing that she held herself absolutely still as his fingers kneaded her breasts into a state of wonderful thrilling erotica........

By the time he had finished making her breasts soft and smooth again, Jane was in a state of trembling pleasure....
"Tell me Jane......tell me to finger your cunt lecherously"
"F ......FIN.........FINGER .....MY CUNT.....LECHEROUSLY she groaned happily!
"To make you come"
"YESSSSSSSSWS............YESSSSSSSSSS.....MAKE...... MAKE ME COME"
He simply undid her wrists and she staggered against him...... he sat down on the side of a table resting his buttocks on the very edge......"Take them off" he pointed at her brief red silky panites. She slipped them down her thighs and off at her ankles......she was like a puppet now and it was not all because

she was being FORCED by circumstances either ! ! ! !

Wolf studied the soft bunch of hair at the top of her thighs........
"Sit down in the chair"
She sat her bottom in a low arm chair.......
"Thighs open......one up and over the arms"
She raised her thighs and placed them one to each side of the her over the arm....and this caused her perfect shaped cunt to be fully exposed....
"Now......masturbate" he snapped.
Displayed as she was by the parting of her thighs and resting her knees over the side arms of the deep seated chair, Jane was well and truly exposing the whole of her pink intimate area to him.....her bottom was resting almost on the edge of the cushioned seat and weakly she reached down with both hands to touch her own wet,hot slot....but Wolf watched the erotic reaction on her nipples as her fingers started to hesitantly stroke down the crack of her cunt......

She watched him pick up a thin whip cane and suddenly he brought the stock down on her breasts....her nipples sang in surprised pain and her hands flew up to carress the turgid ends of her breasts.........
"Now......play with yourself" he told her with a snarl.....
There was no hesitation this time, her hands went down immediately to her soft puffy cunt lips and he smiled as she opened the lips with one hand and stroked with the other.......
"That's better.....much, much better" he said in a calmer voice........

She did not alter the slowly stroking hand when he stood up......he walked behind her and leaning over the chair back, his hands came down onto her bared tits and he squeezed the full fleshy globes as she panted over her sweet pleasures.....
heat rippled up her body through her cunt and flowed up to her tits until the two sweet thrills blended to make her moan with feverish delight....
"You will probably be released to go on your way soon, but I

want these tits to be more responsive than at present"
Jane only half heard him....her fingers were now stroking madly at her fully sex captivated cunt....her tits were jiggling furiously as he made them surge into harder balloons of sheer passion heated mounds.....and then she orgasm'd and felt his fingers grip round the nipples until she screamed out in strange pleasure.................

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CHAPTER THREE — THE BELL FROM THE BEACH

Doctor Davval looked through his binoculars along the sandy beach....there were a number of sparsely dressed women laying on their back soaking up the sun. Each of them had a particular beauty but he was looking for a particular kind.... he stopped and adjusted the eyepiece of the binoculars when he saw the Nordic beauty who was laying on her back, her right knee drawn up, both hands down at her sides and the expanse of her perfect breasts thrusting up against the deep satin black of her binkin bra....she was a tall girl with the face of the Nordic peculiarity to facial statuesque attractiveness......
"There's the one we want, Wolf" he said softly. Wolf looked through his own binoculars and saw the shapely girl, out on a spot alone and unmolested....through the glasses they could see the shapely perfection of her upper slopes as they formed a cleavage of smooth fleshy breasts.... "Alright......we shall get her this morning" the boy intoned in the same soft voice....
"And tonight, she will dance"
"Stripped down, of course"
"Of course" the senio sighed.
They were quite content to wait for the girl to stir.........she stood up at last and stretched her magnificent torso...she was nearly six feet tall...her shapely breasts thrust out in perfect symetry....she looked as though she had stepped from the pages of an Orgiastic Book....she could have been a Pagan Priestess... her proud bearing made the blood tingle through the veins of both father and son.

Slim tall legs supported a slim torso with side hips to match the sharp concave lines of her breasts....they watched again through glasses as she bent forward to collect her things and each of the men felt the effect on their erections as her breasts responded to the pull of gravity....
"That one will scream and beg" the father said to the dry mouthed Wolf.
"I like the proud ones......especially when their precious breasts are being tormented by the bondage brassiere"
"She's a good size"
"Forty at least"
"And I'll wager there is no sag in them either" the father added.
"Not those breasts....they are too full.....to proud......."

They watched her walk into a hut and then they moved forward.....Wolf removed a small pellet from his pocket....they crept to the beach hut and he tore the top of the pellet off.....he reached up on tip toe and dropped the pelled through a high window....then they sat and waited.....five......ten.....fifteen minutes.....
"Let's go in"
It was the work of a few seconds before Wolf managed to open the locked door....and then they were inside....she was laying on the bunk.....still dressed in the costume......Wolf drew a syringe from his pocket and pushed the needle into her arm... the effects of the pellet were just wearing off....the syringe immediately knocked her out again....they threw a blanket over her.....looked outside and saw that they were as safe as could be expected and then hastily carried their dead weight burden to the shooting brake estate car..........
"Let's go" the father said happily.

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When Helga eventually opened her eyes, she blinked at the strong light playing down on her.....she tried to turn her face but found that it was impossible....something was clamped to her head that stopped her from moving.......then she realized that it was her own hair that was secured behind her......she was

flat on her back and then a shooting pain went through her shoulders as she tried to move her arms....it took her a short while to realize that her whole body was in a state of tied restriction ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Her arms were behind her alright.... but they had been pulled tightly through two holes of the table on which she was laying....the holes being close together made her shoulder blades pull in to each other thereby causing her breasts to thrust up even more so then naturally........

Once through the holes in the table, her arms had been tightly bound causing her no movement at all.....the same with her legs , except that her thighs were widely parted and her legs fed through similiar holes in the table to be pulled back along the underside and her feet tied there.....but the pain in her pelvis matched the cramped pain in her shoulders.....she tried again, in alarm to struggle, but found she was absolutely powerless to do so....she could feel the stretching material of her bikini digging into her flesh especially at the crutch as as she discovered her immobility so she became more frightenend than ever.........

She blinked when she saw a face loom over her .....it was a woman's face....but coloured ! ! !
"Where ....where am I? she asked fearfully.
"You are at the Davval Sanatorium" the woman smiled down at her.
Helga saw only evil in the smile...the coloured woman's eyes seemed to shine satanically.........
" Why ....why am I tied " she choked.
"So that you will not interrupt anything that the Doctors wish to do with you"
"Doctors ? ? ? ? ? ? ?..........What Doctors ? ? ? ? ? ?" Helga was gasping out.
"All in good time.....all in good time....my you are a pretty woman" the girl smiled down.
"Please.....what am I doing here?....I am so confused" she choked.

To Helga's surprise and dismayed disgust, the girl leaned down and kissed her ! ! ! ! ! ! ! She tried to turn her face away, but the hair had been pony-tailed and tied tightly to prevent such a movement ! !!! !
"No.......no.......stop it.....stop it"she spat out, out of fear and confusion.

Helga was truly frightened now..... she realized her complete defencelessness against this new horror that had come into her life.....she had no idea whatsoever what had happened and the bewildered confusion was making her believe that she was going stark raving mad........
"You'll learn...... I like tall white women...and you are certainly about the proudest one I have ever seen.........

Helga listened to what the dark skinned girl told her.... she was given all the facts about her 'kidnapping'....and she was told in every exacting detail as to how her whole body was now at the disposal of the Doctors....when Gail eventually left her, Helga was blinking back tears of horror and terror at her predicament. She could not believe that this was happening....everything was still too hazy....she tried again, desperately to move her limbs but it was impossible to do so.....a shuddering ripple of sheer helplessness went through her....her legs were cramped as her arms were.....and then she heard the door open again..... it was Wolf who smiled down at her.....
"What is your name?"
"He...Helga" she answered in a frightened, small voice........
"How old are you?"
"Please......what have you brought me here for" she asked him.
"Just to play......just to play" he smiled back at the frightened face.
"I ....I want to go home" she whimpered.
"Of course you do......." he smiled.

She felt him pull the sheet from her body to leave her exposed in her bikini briefs and bra.....her breasts thrust up fully with the confining position of her arms...... "No.....no please"



she choked out.

She tried to writhe when Wolfs hand gripped the bridge of cloth between the bra cups....she saw him snap the bridge with a pair of scissors and then she felt her shapely breasts free of the cloth....deep red blushes filled her face .... her upper torso was naked......he looked down on the pinky brown maureoles....the nipples were already thrusting out and the pink buds were responding to the warm air of the room..... "Please........oooh.........please.......don't do this to me." she choked.

Wolf did not even appear to hear her as his hands closed over the smooth, perfectly rounded breasts of his victim......the pliant flesh shuddered in his palms.....he held his hand stiffly and rubbed the palms over the throbbing nipples to make them come out hard and full.........
"No....no.....no......please...... please" she choked in her shame as her softly curved beauties responded to his fondling hands ....She felt him tighten his grip......slowly the force of his hands took hold of the throbbing mounds.....
"Ah......ah........ow.......ow......ow.......aaaaagheer" she gasped. He was squeezing them forcefully now....her tits were hard in his gripping palms....the fleshy mounds could be seen swelling through his fingers and then her voice gave a strangled gasp of dis-believing reaction.....he turned them like door knobs and the fleshy skin corkscrewed in shape........then she screamed again.....he turned the tits in the opposite direction....pain waves ripped into her body.....she pulled onto ever rope binding her but each cord held well.................

When he released her hard breasts they were really solid.....she found that he could spin the table on which she was strapped.....soon she was upright, and was able to see the room....she was facing the far end and the shockwaves going through her body as the weight changed made her shriek until she was used to the position...when he started to ease her bikini panties away from the pearly skin smoothness of her belly she begged him crazily.................

"Oooooooow........noooooooooo ....please...............
pleeeeeeeeeease.......I implore yo u..............do not degrade me like this" her sobbing voice begged him.....
He did not bother to reply.......she heard the soft ripping noise and then her face blushed in beetroot red as she realized that she was naked........her golden blonde pubic hair was revealed and when his fingers troked through the fuzz of her bush, Helga responded in shame filled gasps and pleading moans..... her thighs were so wide apart....she could not believe her own defence-lessness and powerlessness as his hand stroked through her jewel slot.....her cunt lips were so widely parted by her thrusting knees.....and as his fingers rapped her cunt she could only bend to his will...................

When he leaned over and suckled one of her hard breasts into his mouth, she jerked harder on her bonds....sizzling heat seemed to come from his mouth and brought her torrid nipples out in full response to his mouth....then his teeth bit down hard onto the fleshy domes....she shrieked louder than ever as sweet but awful pain filled her body..........

Each tit was treated the same until she was gasping in fevered horror and crazy responses.

Her proud body suddenly stiffened...She saw Wolf select his think leather whip......her eyes dilated in terror at what was about to happen.....then she thrust about......or tried to.......as the shapely bust received the kiss of the leather........her mouth opened and piercing shrieks came from her throat ....
"NO.........NO. . . . . NO. . . . . . . UUUUUUH. . . . . NO. . . . . .
OH PLEASE . . . . . PLEASE. . . . . PLEASE. . . . . NO. . . .
NO. . . . . . . I CAN'T STAND IT. . . . . . . OH. . . . . . NO. . . . . . MERCY
. . . . PLEASE. . . . . PLEASE. . . . . "

The whip crisply bit into the girl's breasts until they were wealed with Wolf's Trade Mark ! ! then the table was turned to that she was on her back....he undid all tethering ropes and helped her to stand....she tottered about in a fury of terrible pain....her tits were on fire.....the thin weals showed where the

whip had landed and her hands soothed over the resilient soft fleshy breasts in a soothing motion as he sat before her and watched her whole body try to assimulate the horror into which she had entered.......he had quickly got to the stage of whipping her purposely to enforce upon her the state to which she must now be prepared to sink to please him and his father........she must be confused and bewildered, but at least, she would know that there was no arguing ! ! ! ! ! ! !

* *

When she was brought before the senior Davval that following night, she wore just a short smock arrangement... he was seated in the palatial library and slowly, the tall Nordic beauty went to him, her lovely svelte thighs showed perfectly from beneath the micro mini type of smock....her breasts had eased up in the painful seizure of pain and Helga was aware that she had been brought to this place to 'please' the men.... if it meant that they would not whip her breasts again, then she had strangely resigned herself to do their bidding ??????

"Are your breasts better?"

"Ye ......yes, thank-you" she answered softly.

"Will we have to whip them again to make you understand that you are to obey us?"

"N......n......no" she shiverred.

"Then lift your smock........up to your chin"

Blushing furiously, the girl gripped her smock and lifted ....she lifted up to her chin shamefully exhibiting her nakedness beneath the cloth.................

"Come closer"

She did so.....she stood as close as she could.....Doctor Davval reached out and stroked his hands over her smooth thighs.

Helga choked back her natural reaction of shock and embarrassment as she felt cool smooth palms stroking up the

front of her thighs......

When he told her to part her shapely thighs, he saw the long shapely legs open in response.........
"Now.....stand still....absolutely"
Helga closed her eyes as exquisite thrills rippled into her cunt.. he gently rubbed his finger slowly backwards and forwards along the cunt slot until she was a shuddering mass of thrilled pleasure. He felt the groove become warmer....and warmer....and as he stroked the nipple of her clitoris she shiverred as the waves of sensuousness took hold of her body.........

Her legs had opened even wider..........her hips were slowly moving backwards and forwards in a rhythm of uncontrolled erotic passion.....he dipped two fingers into her greedy slot and her knees buckled.......
"Go over my lap.....backwards"
Helga leaned backwards and with her bottom resting on his lap, her soft down cunt hair thrusting up at him, her head reached one side.....her feet the other.....and now she was stark naked laying over the alter of his lap making her soft pouting cunt lips an offering to his pleasure.......... she felt his hand stroke over her jiggling breasts and as his left hand squeezed the ripe fruits of her bosom, so his right hand stroked up and down the pinky groove of her widely exposed cunt....her gorgeous thighs were parted and the soft moist gorge of her cunt lips were easily revealed. As she moaned and groaned with the pleasure waves filling her gorge, so his hand was squeezing harder and harder on her breasts except now, the pleasure was tenfold...... she enjoyed the harsh treatment her breasts were receiving...... the nipples were out hard and firm.........

Before she had an orgasm, he stopped playing.......she was laid on the floor and he straddler her check.....his trousers had been removed and she took his prick into her deep cleavage .....her hands pressed her tits to surround his erection and by playing with her breasts she was able to send thrill waves of sheer shocks through his nestling prick......... Helga reached forward and her mouth found that she was able to lick over the

hard glistening end of his prick.....as her tongue flicked easily over him, so her tits pushed and cushioned him into a state of real spunk spitting readiness.....and then he moved his arse forward and she felt his prick slip into her throat......he was jiggling his hips back and forward....her head was raised from the floor to accommodate his hugeness....and as he thrust like this, he reached behind him, he gripped her breasts and mauled them mercilessly until the nipples were strong and hard in his fingers....then as he twisted them like small knobs, he spat his seed into her mouth.....like a demoness she swallowed and lapped him clean......Helga was fully overwhelmed and surprised at her own eagerness to drink his sperm, and she was furthermore surprised at her own eagerness to take him ! ! ! ! ! !

Helga hated being tied down....she hated the restriction of movement, and when, the following night, she found herself, elbows and wrists tied tightly together, her bare breasts thrusting out in an almost obscene gesture, she shivered ruefully. Not only were her elbows and wrists pulled tightly together to render her helpless, she was also tied to an upright post so that she was unable to lean forward or move her body.

Her ankles were tied fairly wide apart, and she had only a brief pair of panties to completely cover her pubic region....and then to her horror, she saw Gail enter the chamber.

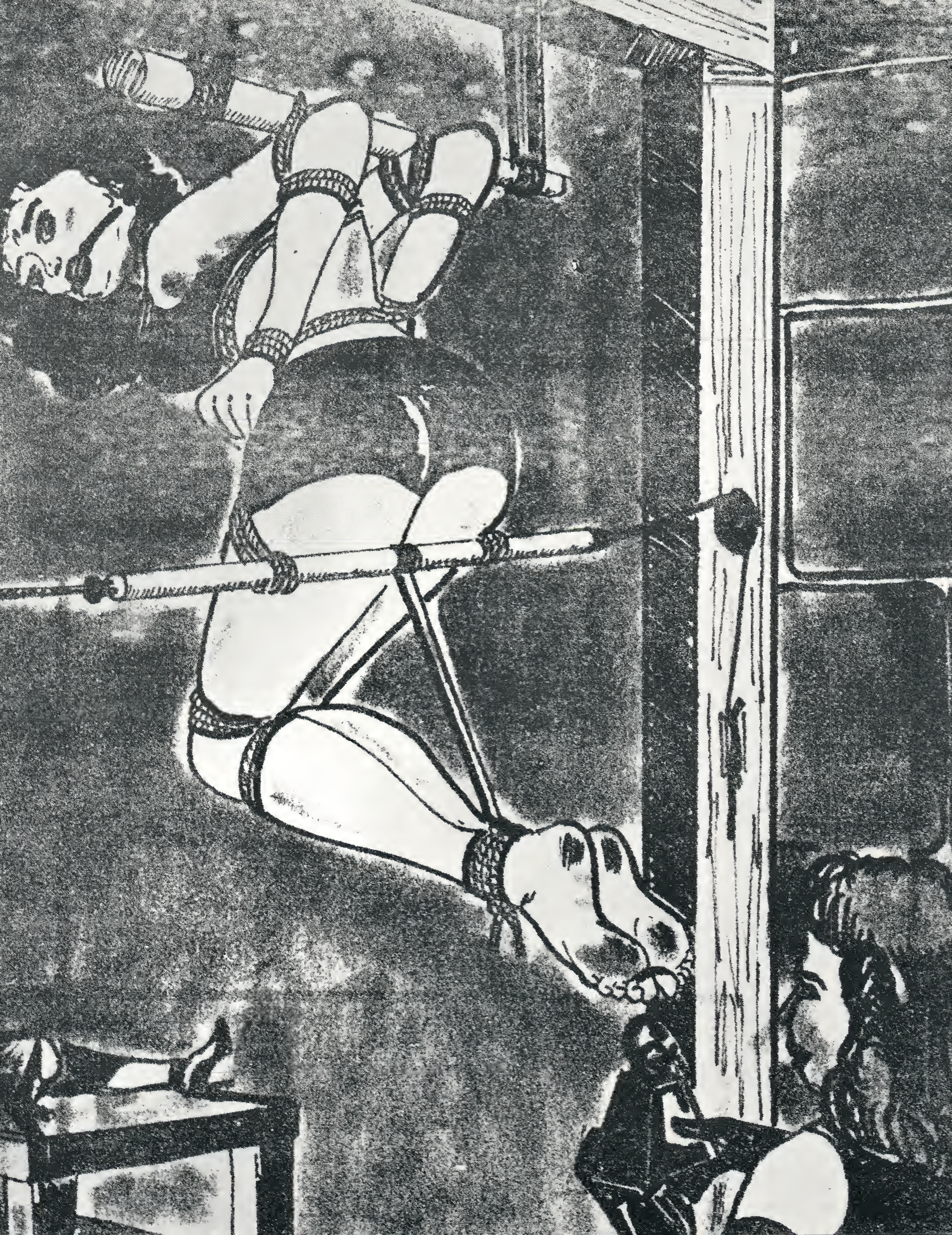
"So.....we meet again" the dark girl crooned in an evil tone. Helga made no reply, but her eyes showed her shame and horror......

"And with tits all bared too"

Naturally, Helga was proud of her breasts....they were superb pieces of rounded flesh........

"Do you like them to be played with........ like this"

The tall blonde felt Gail's hands stroke over the defenceless breasts and her nipples hardened immediately....as the dark girl stroked her fingers freely over the torrid tips, Helga felt terror waves of surrendering thrills ripple through her body......... her juddering breasts were soon hard and



fruity.....with the tips of her fingers, Gail played and stroked the hardened pliant flesh.....she weighted the globes until Helga was dizzy with confused heat.....by softly pinching the nipples Gail was able to reduce the bound girl to a state of thrilling erotica....andHelga knew nothing about lesbian pleasures!!!!!!

The tall stately blonde discovered that Gail was able to give her more pleasure than she though possible........the courting hands freely stroked and played until the tits were hard as possible....the jiggled excitingly with each touch...sensuously the nipples thrust up hard and proud and now Helga was moaning softly in her throat....heat eaves of sheer lust began to sink into her body.....she was confused into a state of sheer pleasurable erotic responses......each touch of Gail's hands on her breast caused her to gasp her breath into her lungs and this caused her breasts to thrust out even more.........

After several more minutes of stroking and rubbing Gail leaned over and gently tongued the thrilling mounds.... and this made Helga so responsive that she nearly went out of her mind with sensuous thrilling pleasure......when she felt the small white teeth nibbling at her breasts, she went completely overboard....her body trembled...her sighing moans were pleading and begging......... "oooooooo.......uuuuuuh........... yessssssssssssss. bite them.......please..........ooooh.....yes.... like that.....like that.......mmmmmmm.......ooooh my poor tits.... they have never felt like this before" Helga moaned deliciously.

They had never felt so heavy and in a state of fire like this before.......it was as though Gail was flaiming them into a sheer torturous stage where they would have to be hurt to be relieved........

Helga felt the heat building up into a cauldron of torrid heat inside her tummy.....

"Please......oh please" she moaned softly.
"Please what?" Gail smiled cruelly.
"Anything.....my breasts ....they feel so.....so sexy."
Helga's voice was a real moan of bedevilled begging

as she felt Gail's hands again stroking over the throbbing beautiful bosom.

Never had Helga felt so fully sexy in her breasts.... they throbbed and ached with a deep longing ....the pink nipples thrust out like hard bullets of flesh.....

"Should I stop?"

"Yes.... I mean no....no....don't stop.....please"

Helga blushed in her own weakness...

"What would you like me to do to them?"

"Whatever you like" Helga admitted her submissive role.

"And how about.....this"

Gail ran her fingers softly over the parted crutch of the sexually trembling girl.

"oooooooooh.....pleeeeease.....that sends me crazy" Helga moan-ed.

Gail smiled cruelly as she felt the soft indentation of the gorge between Helga's cunt lips through the satin material of the brief red panties.

"Now it is you who are MY slave isn't it?" Gail smiled triumphantly.

"Yes.......Yes.....I will do anything you tell me" Helga surrend-ered as she cast her eyes down in trembling shame.....

Gail resumed her gently kneading of the thrusting breasts.....

Helga was freely moaning now in a state of sheer torment.

She kept up the squeezing and stroking until the blonde girl was really passive and submissive to anything she wanted to do to her.....

"Tell me to rip your panties off"

"Please.....rip......rip my panties off so that I am naked" Helga told her in a throaty urgent voice of begging.

The slightest ripping noise was all that heralded the complutely denuding of the bound Nordic beauty....with her ankles slightly parted and kept there by ankle manacles, she was completely at the mercy of the strange coloured girl..... and the terrible thing that worried the blonde was that she was completely powerless to prevent anything from happening.........

she was feeling now that her hard thrusting breasts would have to prevent anything from happening....she was feeling now that her hard thrusting breasts would have to be satisfed somehow...she was well aware that she was able to experience an orgasm through having her breasts manipulated and now, her stomach was at a boiling point of sheer heated pleasure from which there was no return....she had to go forward now into whatever state the girl wanted to to go....if Gail had tried to stop now, Helga would have screamed in a state of sheer animalistic torture.......

Gail was well aware of the agony in Helga's mind... she could read it in her eyes...

"Throbbing?" she smiled maliciously as she nipped she hard bullets in her fingers.....

"Yes .... yesssssssss.......oh please......please" the shapely proud girl begged.

As Gail manipulated the proud jouncy breasts in her palms, Helga nearly shrieked in sheer agony... "HURT THEM" she choked out at last, "Pleeeeeeeeease.......

"How much"
"Hard....... as hard as you like" Helga sobbed.
"Like this.....?"
Helga squirmed in torment as her tits were nipped at the nipples...........
"Uuuuuuh.....uuuuuh......yes......yes.....harder"

The throbbing addition of the sensative pain thrills feeding into her tits made the girl's head shoot up in sheer splendid agony....then Gail walked to the cabinet.......
Helga watched , her own eyes as shining as the coloured girl's .....she watched as leather loops were lassoo'd over each of her throbbing mounds....then the nooses were tightened....the torrid globes became swollen balloons of sweet flesh....
"Tighter.....?" Gail smiled.

"Yes.....yes....hurt them.....really hurt them" The lassoo's of leather laces tightened hard and Helga felt the pain rip through her precious tits.

"Aaaaaagher......ow.....ow.......ow" she moaned as seering flashes of torture rippled into her.......

"Now to really master you"

Helga watched as the supple whippy cane was brought from the cabinet...the two loose ends of the leather laces were tied tightly together and this pulled the shapely breasts into a tight cleavaged pair of throbbing breasts......Helga screamed loud as the cane whipped down onto her juddering breasts.....her shoulders tried to wriggle in agonizing response.. the cane rose and fell again...this time her nipples responded in hellish agony as the thin whippy stock made them a target..... The cane rose and fell again...and again...she took six strokes across the sensative buds of her tits and Gail replaced the cane in the drawer.

Helga's mouthed moaned out loud yet again when Gail released the tightly bound cords at the base of her breasts.... the blood rushed back into them and caused more sizzling heat to be added to the terrible pain........
The blonde felt her arms being released from the post, although they remained tied to each other at the wrists and elbows....and then her arms were being lifted clear of her body.....her shapely breasts thrust forward as her body bent over....she gasped at her wrists as they were secured to a low hanging beam and then Gail was standing before her again....Helga was bent only half way over so that her tits were very accessable to the groping hands of the dominatress.......

Gail played with the shapely breasts and Helga went into a state of sheer animated pleasure pain....where the cane had lashed her tits the agony of the stripes mingled with the sheer delight of Gail's massaging hands and this really made Helga a woman of begging pleas and imploring agonies.........
"I am going to fix suction cups on these in a minute then your

breasts will be your only means of support" Gail told her mysteriously...
Helga could do nothing when she felt the plasticated type rubber being fixed over her beauties...they were sucked in deeply by a vacuum tube....the hole to which the tube was fixed was then plugged so that her shapely mounds were glued to the inside of the grasping cups....she felt the inner lining of the bondage brassiere clinging like glue to her breasts......then Gail pulled the straps attached to the cups so that Helga responded to having her tits stretched fully..........

After helping her into the upright position again, Gail pulled the straps so that the girl followed her round the room.... she would tug unmercifully at each tit, and Helga,unprepared in any way as to know what tit would be subject next yelped as painful shocks went through her proud bosom....she watched as Gail slipped the two ends through rims of steel then she tied the straps tightly.......Helga's breasts were pulled hard and tight upwards........
"Now you'll find just how strong your tits are" Gail told her lecherously.

Helga screamed loudly as she felt her mammoth mounds being lifted up higher andhigher in the end of her body swung clear of the floor and her tits were taking the whole weight....the clasping suction cups were like a second skin.... her tits felt the jolt of agony as her chest thrust upwards whilst her feet remained clear of the floor...Then Gail selected a fine laced whip....on to Helga's shapely thighs and buttocks, the thin whip whistled leaving thin marks across her pearly smooth skin....as her arse became more and more striped, so she screamed....her jerking body caused her breasts to scream in agony as her shifting weight pulled onto the cups supporting her..........

When she was striped back and front, the thin lines running crazily over her thighs and bottom, the shapely blonde was released......she slumped to the floor and felt her arms being released from the securing ropes....her arse......her

thighs....her back.....all over were a throbbing painful experience of horror pain......and her breasts felt so swollen and sore........

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She opened her eyes to see Wolf, the son standing over her.......

"Get up" he snapped.

Unhappily, her head spinning from the fainting attack, Helga stood upright....

"Push them out to me"

"Oh please....don't hurt them any more" she choked out.

"Push them out" he emphasized.

Weakly, helplessly, the girl thrust her breasts out to him..... she really was a slave now and then she was surprised when he stroked smooth cream into her mammaries.....the terrible bolts of pain seemed to relieve immediately...and after a very short spell, her breasts were happily relieved of the conflicting pains that she had felt...

"They will feel numb for a while, but they will soon recover" he told her unsympethetically....................

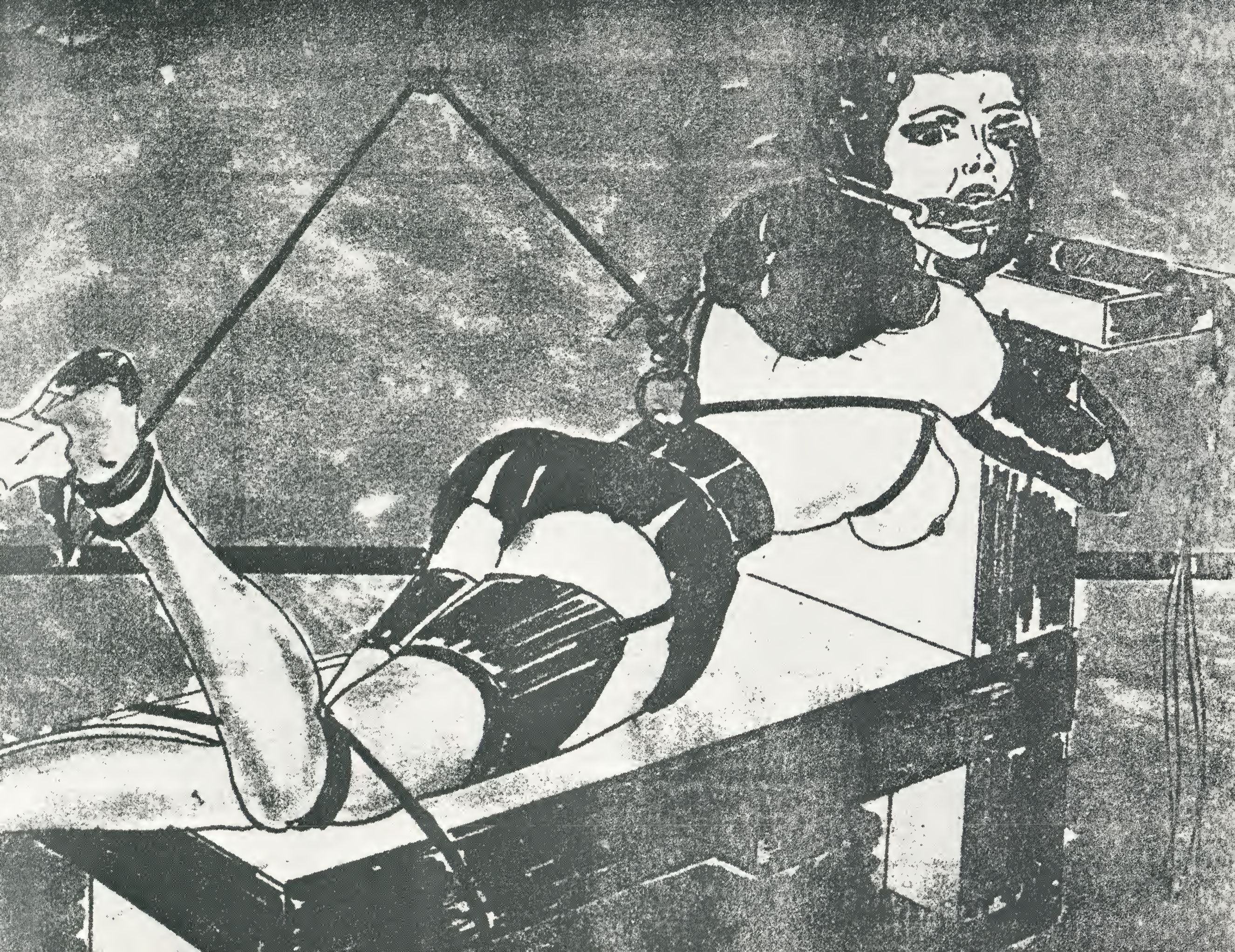
Helga lay in her bed, on her back and felt the soothing cream working on her breasts.........

The sizzling on her thighs and bottom still made her blush when she thought again of how they had been put there.... but the girl had not whipped her hard....it was just a case that she had been so helplessly exposed and in no position to refuse the tanning ! ! ! ! !

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CHAPTER FOUR LEATHER BOUND BREASTS

Yvonne looked down at her own breasts where they pushed against the material of her tight blouse....her gagged mouth would permit no screams to emit......she was sitting in a high backed chair and herwrists and arms were tied behind it!!!



Her shapely mounds, large and round were pushing against the blouse causing them to appear enhanced and thrillingly large and pointed. Her legs had been pulled wide apart and her ankles tied to the back legs of the chair....her skirt pulled high so that her panties were being shown...she was just twenty-one....and she had come here as a nurse....that was two days ago....the last thing she had remembered this afternoon was telling Wolf, the Doctor's son to keep his hands to himself....she had remembered being furious at the boy for creeping up behind her and placing his arms around her so that his hands cupped the full thrusting fruits of the shapely tits....she had spun round angry and seething and her hand had slapped his face hard...she had told him in no uncertain terms to keep his hands off her body and not to dare toch her again.....she had stamped off to her room and then closed the door.

The coloured maid had brought her tea up and she had drunk it.... that was all she remembered until she awoke tied to this chair..her legs gaping wide.....her nurse's uniform pulled high up to her waist....her black nylon stockings revealed all the way up to the point where they were clasped by a suspender clip....and her shoulders pulled tightly back as her elbows and wrists were tied tightly to the chair back....she shapely thighs and legs were in a state of sheer exposure but it was the tightness across the chest where her brassiere pulled hard on her fully thrusting breasts............

When the door opened, she looked in a mixture of anger and fear........

"Ah....the proud Yvonne is awake" Wolfe smiled down at his hapless victim.

"Nnnng....Nnnngh" she complained through the tight gag ....

She felt him grip her full crown of black hair and then he tugged it hard so that she had to look up at him....he seemed to slip a band or something over the handful of hair and then this too was fixed to the high back chair....she was forced to keep her head looking up....still the angry noises came from her gagged

mouth......

He was standing behind her and then she felt his hands slipping over the upper blouse of her uniform ! ! ! ! In sheer shocked anger and defenceless terror she seethed as the palms stroked downwards to cover the jutting cloth of her blouse where her proud breasts thrust out in full perfect roundness...... She was protesting into the tight effective gag now as his hands stroked over the jutting tits where her brassiere stretched.... "You did ask me never to do this again...and I think I remember you smacking my face Yvonne" he told her, his voice filled with sarcasm and seething anger at the memory.

He leaned over her and she shudderred in terror as his hands slowly and meaningfully undid the buttons on her blouse....her straining elbows made the buttons pop open and the two centre halves of her blouse spread like the peel from a piece of fruit.....he pulled the blouse clear of her elbows and studied her white clear skin.....she heard the blouse being torn from her body and then she was only in her brassiere at the top.........

Yvonne's gaged mouth screamed in shame when she felt him slipping the bra straps down her arms....slowly the size D cups of her brassiere stripped away from her firm tits then the unnatural thrust of her mounds sprang free....fire like blushes filled her pretty face as she struggled against the bonds at her elbows and wrists....her hair tugged in the tied arrangement and she tried to pull her legs together....... never had she suffered such indignities...and then he was at the front holding the ruined shreds of her brassiere in his hands... "You should never keep such treasures to yourself" he smiled. She moaned as his hands clasped over her naked bosom.....his thumb stroked the startling large nipples into life....and Yvonne tried fruitlessly to get her arms free......

Her mouth made terrible noises of complaint into the tight gag....and for some minutes, Wolf stroked and played furiously with her breasts until despite her horror her humilia-

tion and shame, Yvonne felt her marvelous breasts getting harder and harder ....he twisted her nipples and squeezed them until she was a squirming mass of hot fleshed mounds.........

He removed the gag and she gasped out as the rippling pains went through her jaw...... "Stop it" was the first thing she spat at him when her mouther operated properly.....

Wolf casually leaned over and sucked her nipple into his warm mouth......he flicked it with his tongue and she whimpered in the agony of sheer helplessness....his teeth bit and chewed the sensative nipple until she was ready to scream....she froze when she felt his hand going up her widely tied thighs....he rubbed a finger hard onto the panty crotch and felt the wetness build up on the cloth....and when he went into her waist band, Yvonne choked out and shrieked.....she stroked over her full bush of pubic hair and then into her hot slot....it was as wet as hell and when he plunged his finger deep into her vagina crevice, the slippery lips sucked him in easily....

Yvonne could only moan when he ripped every stitch from her....her head was behaving in a peculiar manner....never had she felt like this before....her whole body was tingling.......and it was not all shame either ! ! ! ! ! She saw him produce a leather strap arrangement.....and she gasped when these were fixed to her shuddering ....

The leather strap brassiere fitted over her hard mounds and then he pulled it on tight.....through the straps her breasts bulged out....it was like having fingers pressing into her bosom..... her nipples were completely freed of the strap arrangement and four or five lines of straps actually pulled tightly round her breasts ....by pulling a loose strap that did not form part of the actual cup upwards, he was able to lift each breast high....he secured the loose strap to the chair at the back and then he pulled them maliciously so that the aching flesh jerked up high, the nipple pushing upwards..........

Wolf knew that she was as randy as the next when she was having her cunt rubbed......... he had proved that to himself just

now ..... Yvonne groaned as his hand went to the dark thatch of hair at her widely spread legs and he stroked his finger up and down the love slot....she almost wet herself as he stroked.... pinched and thrust his fingers about inside her slipperychannel he saw her mouth gasping and a state of sensuality played on her face.....with three fingers pumping in and out of her torrid torso Yvonne collapsed into a state of sheer thrilling erotica.

Wolf waited for a few minutes letting his hand slowly stroke her into a begging furnace of heated flesh........he stroked the flesh of her tits that bulged through the leather strapped bra.....his finger tips stroked easily over her hard aching nipples andYvonne went into a state of crazy thrilling sensativity.....her whole body strained now towards him and a completion of an orgasm.........Wolf just stroked on and on bringing her to a state of weakness and pleading.

"Why did you pretend to be so 'Goody-goody' this morning" he asked.

"Wh......what? ! ! ! ......Oh...... I don't know......I don't know" she whined as the thrilling pleasure filled her like a lava.....

"Say play with my tits........ please"

"Play with my tits.........please play with my tits" she gasped.

He ripped the leather binding from them and they freely jiggled as his hands stroked up and down onto her pussy crack.

His mouth came down just inches from her own mouth... her sexually sparkling eyes looked back at his........

"I am going to whip them my prim and proper miss" his lips brushed over her own.........

"Yes .... yes Wolf........anything" she moaned out in a strangled whisper.

He was surprised at her response....and when the thin

leather whip danced crazily over her breasts, she screamed ...... in sheer delight........ he was amazed that she did not even try to move them but instead pushed them out all the harder to his torturous beating...........twelve strokes he whipped across her and then she was screaming for his hands ! ! ! ! ! This complete turn-about in her attitude surprised him.......

"More..............oooooh.............lot's more........ please ....please" she choked.......he undid the chaired ankles and pulled her still with her elbows and wrists secured to her knees......then as he sat down he pulled her wet begging mouth over his aching prick......he felt her mouth suck deeply onto him and his hands went to her proud breasts........he spunked deeply into her cavern and then withdrew his prick from her mouth to watch the white cream spurt over her whip wealed breasts.........

From that moment on, Yvonne kept her breasts in a state of readiness for him..........she never wore her own cloth brassiere.......only did she want to wear the strange apparatus and garments that he provided......and not once did she try to refuse his hands from playing with her.........

They came to a code of conduct agreement..............whenever his hands slipped round her from behind, she would immediately thrust her tits forward and tear open her blouse.... to wear panties or any lower covering was for her a thing of the past...........

Yvonne learned how to respond to his whims.............

and she had to admit that having her breasts in a state of readiness to his remarkable types of brassieres might cause her some pain some times........but she always felt a tingling thrill of pleasure in her titties as well......................



THE END